

Keeping the Cadaver Dogs Busy

Cryptopsy

We who end lives with a wink and a smile
And a song in our hearts and a twinkling eye
Do so with a noble purpose in mind:
To thin out the rabble of humankind

We are never where you think
We'll be
The shadow underneath your sink
Our teeth into
Your fragile flesh
Is ours to do with as we
Please! Oh, help me!

Here come the cadaver dogs:
They'll find where the dead girl lies:
Unlike us, they'll be soft with her
Like she were made of eyes

Street musician found strangled
In the trunk of a car
Gutted vagrant found hanging
From a tree in a park
Naked infant found frozen
On some steps leading down
Headless foetus found rotting
On the roof of a house

Recycle the body pits
And human cluster dumps
Filled with the burnt, the stabbed
And the lucky machinegunned

There are no victims
Just landfill statistics
Where overpopulation threatens us all:
Disordered thinking:
Is that what they call it?
So, our culling (of) the herd has left you appalled?

(Or,) see it as a self-defense
If no other way:
Encroaching humans number our days:
Probe the young for signs
To no effect:
Serial killing's not a birth defect

Here come the cadaver dogs:
They'll find where the dead man lies:
Unlike us, they'll be soft with him
Like he were thinning ice